Relieve Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/824360.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Possessive Behavior, Coda, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Ficlet, Rough Sex, Rough Kissing, First Time, Resolved Sexual Tension, Marking, Spoilers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Hannibal + Will
Stats:	Published: 2013-05-31 Words: 500 Chapters: 1/1

Relieve Me

by Ebyru

Summary

Will shouldn't have let Hannibal get inside his bubble; it was bad for both of them.

Notes

someone on tumblr said they wanted laddersex fic, and this is what I did.

I'm sorry it's not longer or more explicit.

sort of spoiler for episode 10 if you didn't see it.
un-beta'd; I apologize.

See the end of the work for more notes

The rungs of the ladder press into the small of Will's back and slightly into his shoulder blades as he's rammed into like a steam engine. This doesn't stop Hannibal from squeezing Will's bicep to get a better grip; forcing his legs apart further to fuck into the heat of Will; and sucking in the simmering scent of Will's panting mouth and sweat-slick skin. Nearby, Will's clothes lie tattered on the desk.

Hannibal had looked at him; had said *something*. Something important about his brain and how it was working against him. And Will was hyperventilating, grabbing on to the wooden sides of the ladder. Before he could move away, cut away from the gaze boring into him, Hannibal had lunged in. His mouth was a seductive climb down into the depths of Will and his desires to be filled. An osculation that stripped away fear and trembling aches, replacing them with the firm, wet heat of a greedy mouth against his. Will's legs had spread at Hannibal's advance; allowed hands to rip clothes away (along with inhibitions); and choked on the pain of fingers too hungry not to breach him. It was worth it for the way Hannibal's eyes became darkened and manic.

Hannibal kept his suit and tie on. His hair is a mess, fluttering into his eyes each time he pounds into Will. He's desperate to get deeper, Will sees this. And he wants to help him.

Moving his arms above his head, grip tight on the higher rungs, he locks his ankles into place at the small of Hannibal's back. Gives him permission to do as he pleases.

And he fucks like he cooks: precise movements, steady, completely focused on his task. He fucks into Will, his cock pulsing against and inside his skin. Will is crying out something unintelligible, reckless (maybe) even. Hannibal untucks his face from Will's neck and bites at his bottom lip; tears the skin lightly, perfectly. Tastes him like a well-prepared dish.

It's enough to make Will explode between their stomachs. Touching the surface of the sun would hurt less than this, he decides.

Pulling in giant lungfuls of air, the last of his orgasm circling like an emptying drain, Will strokes Hannibal's cheek. Amidst the rutting, the bruising hold he has on the inside of Will's thighs, the sharp thrusts that Will almost can't feel because he's so numb from his orgasm, Hannibal smiles at that. And as Will leans in to place an almost chaste kiss on Hannibal's mouth – careful not to upset his punishing rhythm; in-in-out-in-in-in-out – Hannibal groans and comes with a feral sound, reaching to squeeze at Will's hands on the same rungs, holding them there. Keeping their bodies connected at every point that matters.

Their foreheads are pressed together when the blissful feelings settle, and the only thing Will has to say is: “Can you repeat that last part?”

(Hannibal misunderstands, or maybe chooses to, but Will doesn’t object to being fucked into oblivion once more.)

End Notes

comments appreciated. :)

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